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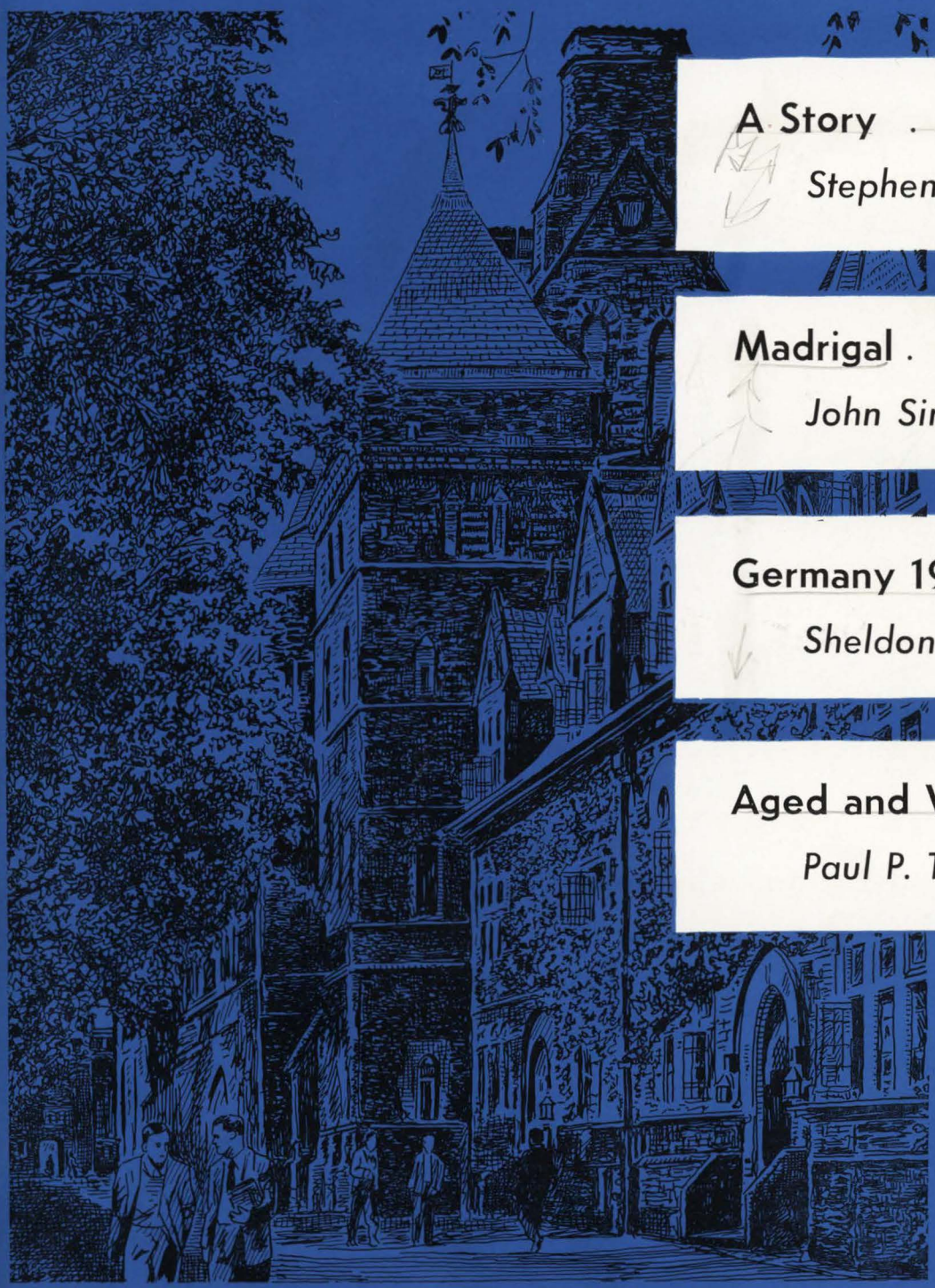
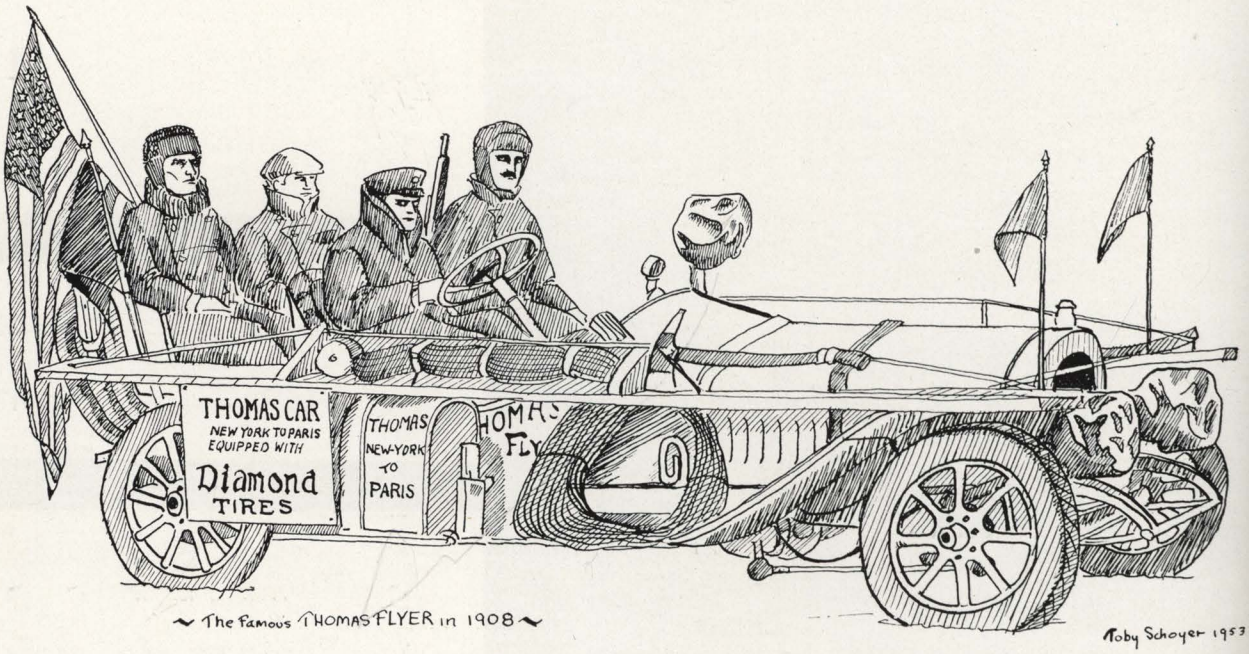
The Trinity Review, May 1953

Trinity College

MAY 1953

TRINITY REVIEW





"The 1908 Thomas Flyer was winner of grueling New York-Paris race. Route originally was by Alaska to Siberia, across Russia, Germany and France. Later revised, via Japan. Only three cars finished the race."

from *The Oldtime Automobile*

by John Bentley

THE TRINITY REVIEW

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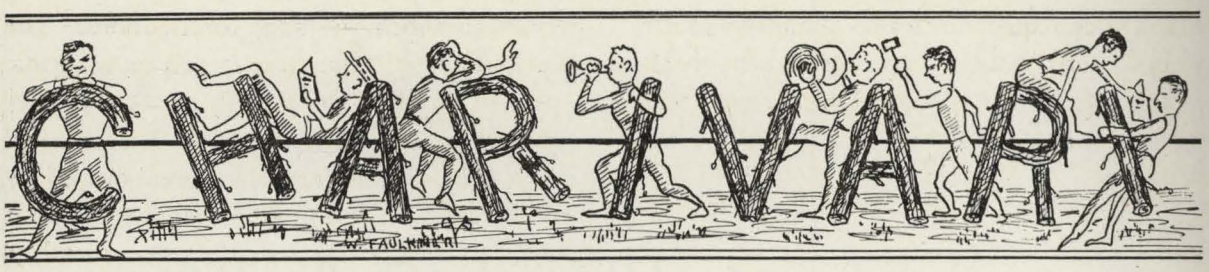


EDITORIAL

Whatever else it may have seemed during the past month, reading should be for pleasure. Accordingly, we are justified in feeling angry when a book, a story, or an article disappoints us. A bad piece of writing is like a breach of faith and, assuming the role of amateur critic, each editor must anticipate as nearly as possible the response to a given piece of work so that these broken promises can be avoided. The task of imposing such judgment is a difficult and often a thankless one, but the critical task of the *Review* editor is lessened considerably as a consequence of the local prejudice against contributing to the *Review.* The success of any college review relies upon a communion of understanding between the few who are trying to give the student body a qualitative magazine and the student body itself. It is a communion lost to us at Trinity. The *Review* is the primary outlet for undergraduate writing and the board knows that there are good things being written on this campus, yet we rarely see them. It is the wish of the present board to increase the size of the *Review,* but the increase must be *both* quantitative and qualitative. If continued, the lack of enthusiastic support from the students will mutilate this wish. The dissociation of this college from creative writing is the most important fact in keeping a high level of excellence for the *Review* beyond the reach of the editors. Inevitably this has one telling effect: the context of the *Review* becomes devitalized through its lack of relation to the very thing it was set up to serve. Obviously, this editorial has turned into a plea for greater contribution to the *Review.* Old stuff. But we should like to establish some standards for publication, yet we cannot if the total number of articles turned in is just sufficient to fill one issue. Admittedly, we do not enjoy yielding to the temptations of polite neutrality and unbalanced patronage, but we have had no choice. Thus, we wait anxiously for good material; perhaps it will not be written, for good writing needs intelligence and there may be as great a deficiency in this respect as there is in the matter of mere support. As things stand, there is little encouragement for vital improvement, but we sincerely hope that there will be a general reformation of attitudes as regards the *Trinity Review.*

* * *

We are happy to announce that the *Review* prizes for contributions to this issue have been awarded to Mr. Stephen Plum for his short story without title, and to Mr. John Brims for his verse, *Madrigal.* It is unfortunate that Mr. Plum leaves us this June by graduation and we cannot benefit further by his fine writing; but from Mr. Brims, who is a freshman, we may expect, I assume, continued activity as a contributor to the *Review.* We should like to express our thanks to the three members of the faculty who acted as judges for the contest: Mr. George Cooper, Mr. Robert Harrington, and Mr. Richard Morris. These gentlemen were asked to exercise their critical good-breeding because it is believed that they

have a wide acquaintance among undergraduate writers, and because they possess the background for making informed judgments about the comparative merits of writings and kinds of writing.

—J. R. B.

THE COVER

THE cover is indicative of the trend in the *Review* toward a more professional appearance. This trend is the result of a natural evolution toward a new editorial policy. To be specific, the *Review* hopes to become more than just a campus literary publication. We hope to present to the College a magazine that is both more attractive and more readable. First of all, this means a greater emphasis on the artistic side. Our new Art Editor, Toby Schoyer, will add the illustrations that are designed to spotlight the special interests to be found in various articles. A more readable print on a more readable paper will further the attractiveness of the magazine.

Secondly, our desire to achieve readability will require a broad reconsideration of the criteria with which we judge contributions. The previous approach has been largely an academic one. In an effort to publish the best literary pieces we have often by-passed less polished compositions which have shown real originality of thought. In pursuing readability, we will try to be more honest in admitting to ourselves that literary perfection is to be found but rarely in an undergraduate student body. We all have much to learn, and we hope to make the *Review* an experimental ground for this learning.

And if we are honestly trying to learn in this business of writing and being read, we need not be ashamed if we choose some of the best teachers to learn from. To be sure, there is no need to confine ourselves to the limitations that restrict other magazines, no matter how professional they may be. If there is to remain an experimental approach, we must be daring in our use of freshness and originality. At the same time, we are anxious to learn what we can from better publications, and make appropriate use of anything that can make for improvements.

—J. E. H.

Aged and Weary

Paul P. Terry, '56

Of late do I wonder in this life of mine,
In this dreary many-faceted span,
If harbingers of eternity's shrine
Have signaled my passage to His great clan;
Out from the cloying sweetness of the womb
And down the labyrinthine paths of light,
To rush, to flee, those precursors of doom,
Escape! Escape! That blackest Stygian night;
What use? What purpose? There can be no hope,
Would that Apollo smile, that Zeus descend?
Would that the Muse consent, then interlope?
Only omniscient earth is man's true friend.
Yet, deep within the soft darkness, it seems,
The one great solace can be found—in dreams.

The Review Awards

A Story

by Stephen Plum, '53

THE small house was perched on top of the hill that dropped sharply away from it on all sides. It was no different from any of the other houses in the hills of Kentucky, more or less dirty perhaps, but not different.

In the eyes of the young man laboring up the hill, it was the same as all the other houses he had walked up to that day. It was hot, his coat was over his arm, his hat pushed back frmo his forehead, his tie in his pocket long ago. His head was lowered watching his heavy shoes tread the dark dust. He looked up just before he reached the porch and saw a woman standing in the doorway. The dog by her leg started to growl and she let it. The young man stopped and straightened.

"Good afternoon, Madam."

She shifted onto the other foot and remained silent.

"I'm from the State Board of Education and . . ."

She walked to the edge of the porch, the low growling dog by her leg, turned to the rear of the house and shouted, "Earl!"

It was some seconds before the head and shoulders of a man appeared rising up the hill. His tall gaunt figure, stripped to the waist, came slowly, quietly on bare feet, toward them. His face was shaded by a broad brimmed hat and only the point of what must be a lean jaw was visible. In one hand he carried a hoe, in the other a red handkerchief with which he was wiping the back of his neck. Beside him walked a small boy, his miniature by twenty years.

"This feller's from the State Board or somethin', wants to see you," she said pointing at the young man from the porch.

"Shut up, you," he said sharply to the dog. "What does the state want now?" his eyes peering out from the shade of his hat.

"Nothing really, you see I'm from the State Board of Education. We're starting a small school here in Knox County and want to know how many children are eligible to go. According to the records you have two boys ages seven and ten. Is that right?"

The tall gaunt man paused a second and then answered, "No that ain't right. We only got one boy." He turned to the woman, "I'm thirsty," and she went inside.

The young man unfolded his limp coat and pawed through its pockets finally coming up with a notebook. He flipped the pages, ran his thumb down the side and said, "But here I have a record that says you registered two boys, last one born on December 3, 1945, he was a year old at the time."

The woman returned and handed a tin cup to the man and one to the boy. She never took her eyes off the young man for an instant. The boy stood behind the man, fingering a small stone he had picked up.

Speaking over the rim of the cup, the man said, "The book is wrong, we got only one boy." His voice was becoming belligerent. His dark hand whitened around the hoe. "The state tryin' to tell us how many kids we got?"

The woman moved to the side of her husband, "Earl, the man was only askin'. Jimmy, our other son, died a year ago."

"He's buried out there," the small boy said quickly, and pointed to the field behind the house.

"I'm very sorry. I'll change the book," the

young man walked to the porch, put his knee up and bent over it.

The father stepped quickly and quietly to his side, "What you got to do that fer. He can't go to school now can he?"

"Earl, somebody's got to know," the woman said.

He turned on her and snapped, "Nobody's got to know. What we do is nobody's business!" He faced the young man. "You wouldn't have wanted him anyway. He waren't no good."

"Don't say that Earl, he was your own son."

"Well he waren't no good, he couldn't do nuthin'."

The small boy had followed his mother to the porch and now he said, looking up at his father, "He was fun to play with Pa."

"Fun to play with, yeh, that's all he could do, set there on the ground playing in the dirt, makin' those funny noises, lookin' around with those funny eyes." The father's voice rose in anger. "That's all he could do, just set there, he couldn't do nuthin' else, not one goddamn thing!"

The woman's voice was pleading, "Earl he helped once in a while, you know he did."

They both had forgotten the presence of the young man who had stopped writing. They faced each other now, husband and wife.

"Yeh, he helped. He'd carry a bucket of slop to the hogs, fall on the ground, spill it, then sit there playin' in it, eatin' it, laughing his fool head off."

"Don't, Earl, don't go on like that." There were streams of tears running down her face. "You know he couldn't help it."

The eyes of the small boy were bright, "Yeh, he was crazy." Both parents glanced at him and then at each other. After what seemed like a long moment the father turned back to the young man whom they had forgotten. His face was no longer angry, his breath came slower, and he was looking down at the earth.

He spoke slowly, "You see it was better that way. I couldn't feed one that couldn't work. We ain't got no mule and we needed someone to help if we was goin' to plant more."

The woman sobbed openly now. "It wasn't right. Them things is for God to decide, not us. We ain't got no right to go doin' that. He was only a little boy." She was sobbing so hard that the last few words were hardly heard and then she fled into the house, the small boy crying after her.

He spoke more slowly, more painfully now, between each word he was remembering. "Still I think it was best. We couldn't do nuthin' else. He would just set there on the floor, laughin', and turnin' his head around, and we didn't have nuthin' to eat hardly. That was a dry year and the crops was all burned and there wasn't anythin' to eat. And he just set there and laughed and couldn't hardly walk, and he couldn't help us at all. I still think it was best what we done." He was silent again and the young man knew that he was through talking.

The father stood still when the young man turned and started back down the hill. As he entered the trees below the dust patch the young man stopped, opened the page of his notebook and wrote, "One child eligible."

Germany 1952

by Sheldon M. Berlow, '54

MY first desire was to bypass Germany. I had seen pictures of torn and ravished cities, of aged and modern buildings that are no more than heaps of brick and stone. To me the pictures were sufficient. I had no wish to see for myself. However, the contrast of an arrogant train conductor and a group of four German peasants joined in song over steins of beer provided the intrigue that finally drew me across the border into a country of mixed emotions.

Munich, a city once glorious, once prized by her inhabitants, and Berend Metzner, youthful president of the German Student Association, opened the paths that lead to the souls of the populous. Ben, tall and lanky, with a drawn face that greatly increased his twenty-nine years, relied on a heavy walking stick to help him about. He had been at just the right age in the early 1940's to play a leading role in Hitler's Youth Group. His interest in warfare and his ability to lead other men won for him a respected position that gave him much free rein in his personal activities and exempted him from a good deal of the routine regimentation. However, privileged as he was, he still stands as a prime example of the men of his age who spent year after year learning how not to think for themselves. All their actions and thoughts have been carefully dictated. Initiative has no meaning for them and when put on their own they are quite frightened and confused. Rather than admit that they thought of something they will tell you that they were trained to do so. No matter what I would ask Ben, his answer was always prefaced by, "I have been told . . . " It is hard to imagine such complete and unquestioning obedience to a human being who has made himself supreme, but such is the situation.

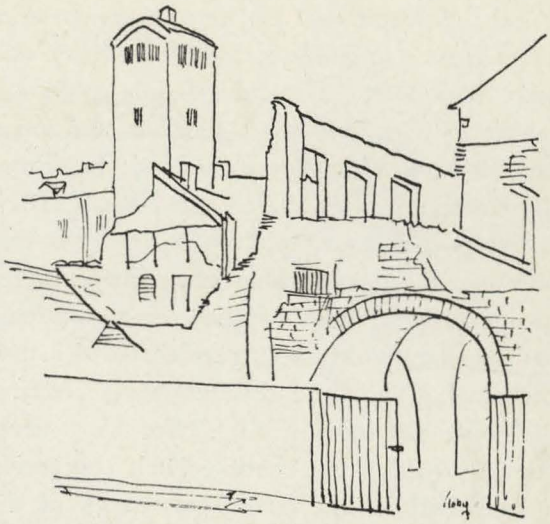
Ben spent several days taking me through Munich and the outlying districts and they were just as I had imagined . . . a lifeless conglomeration of the handiwork of a civilization, now beaten into the ground, oblivious of the progress of humanity. Reconstruction was certainly apparent, but seemed like a sick dog trying to save the inhabitants of a burning factory. Very often Ben would stop and talk at great length

about the beauty and charm that a particular building once had. He would describe the most minute detail and then tell what special significance the building had years ago, how much it had once meant to the German people. And when he was finished I would look through his narrow eyes and see him say, "All this was ours until *you* came. We were happy. Why did you not leave us alone?" And that is exactly the way he felt. He seriously believed that in 1941 the United States suddenly pounced upon unsuspecting Germany and spent three and a half years tearing her apart. He assumed absolutely no blame for any of the events of those years.

One day I asked Ben if he would take me to Dachau. Up until then he had been more than obliging. No matter what I wanted to do he had anticipated my desires and took me eagerly. But here he balked. He explained that the German people found out only recently about the atrocities, that during the war they knew nothing of them, and that they were very much ashamed. Strangely enough he never tried to explain what had happened to so many of his friends and neighbors who had suddenly disappeared, he never tried to explain the meaning of the Fuehrer's benevolent campaign to exterminate the lowly race that was the cause of all of Germany's troubles, nor did he explain the daily proclamations of mass executions for the good of the country.

The only intelligent reasoning I could extract from Ben concerned American aid to Germany. He informed me that the German people are very suspicious of us. They believe that we are sending so many goods only to build up our capitalistic industries. They would prefer money to produce their own goods. However, little do they realize that their industry was at such a low ebb that money would be no good. It seems that there still are in Germany enough former Nazis to be able to carry out a successful propaganda campaign, ridiculing American help.

One afternoon, as we were traveling by bus

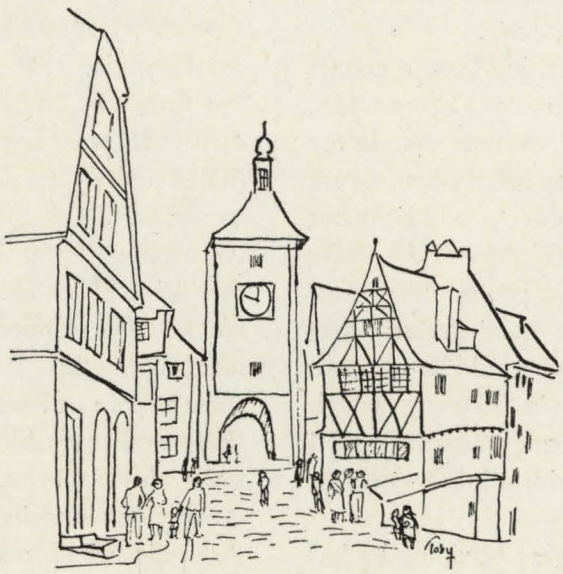


through the countryside, the driver suddenly stopped outside a little town. We immediately sensed that something was wrong and started to investigate. A small crowd had gathered and, in the center of them, in the middle of the road, lay an elderly woman. She had been hit by a passing auto. Everyone appeared much more interested in what happened than in helping her. Ben found out that a doctor had been called and we waited patiently. Still no one attempted to help the woman. After about thirty minutes, an American Red Cross ambulance approached and stopped. The driver looked at the woman and then, without further ado, started up again. I was flabbergasted! He had not even asked what had happened. I was very much afraid, too, that the crowd would notice that I was an American. By the time that the doctor arrived, the woman died. It was not until several days later that I dared say anything to Ben about the incident but, when I did and told him how embarrassed I was, he laughed and said that if the driver had been an American he surely would have stopped, but this one was a German. And then I began to realize how well these people had been trained to disregard anything and everything in order to carry out a task. Just as Germans killed Germans to gain power and authority, so this German would not delay his errand to save a life.

All the people that Ben introduced me to in Munich substantiated the air of confusion and mixed emotions. The older people could still remember Germany as a glorious and magnificent state. They loved the land; they loved the tradition. They hated the Nazis! Their ancestors had been building for centuries and now everything lay at their feet. Their visions, of course, were hard for me to imagine for I had had no opportunity to see that which they cherished. The little children were, perhaps, the most pathetic of all. They have never known anything but chaos. Their conception of the world is the naked framework of the bombed out buildings they pass every day on their way to school. They share with their elders a common hate for the occupational forces who have set themselves up as little gods, who exploit the German women, buy the best and most expensive goods, and do not take the trouble to learn even a few words of the language. These are our good-will ambassadors sent to help rehabilitate the people and spread American ideals. One afternoon two little boys stopped me on the street and one, in beautiful English, asked, "Mister, how many automobiles does your family own?" What could I say? Their impression of the average American family is still through Hollywood and no amount of explaining will convince them that we are not living a grand and easy life with no worries about money.

Finally I was able to realize what the older people were hanging on to. About the only things that remain intact in Germany are the tiny hamlets that dot the countryside, too far from strategic areas to have felt the effects of the bombing. Perhaps the most picturesque place is Rothenberg on der Tauber, a small town several centuries old that still breathes the atmosphere of feudal states and small inns for the tire dtraveler. In the village square, atop one of the old buildings is a large clock that strikes only at eleven, at which time a little door on either side opens to reveal two men with tankards of beer. The legend is that in 1508 a plague was to descend upon Rothenberg and only if two certain men from the town could each drink a whole tankard of beer in the time that the clock struck eleven could the plague be stopped. The men succeeded and the town was saved. And now, every day at eleven o'clock, the two men beside the clock drink their beer as it strikes.

But so rare are places like Rothenberg that they are real spots of interest to the traveler. The overwhelming presence of the death of a civilization and the aftermath in chaos loom uppermost in my mind every time I stop to look back at Germany.



The Weaning

by Herbert W. Park, '54

THE troops were lined up in the company street, blowing on their hands and shuffling their feet in the weak February sunshine. These were new troops as was evidenced by the shininess of the uniforms and the bad fits. Some were squatting on their duffle bags, some were moving around to keep warm. The zero weather had penetrated to every one for they had been standing there for twenty minutes. There were repeated calls of, "Get the troops out of the cold!"

Chris Ames particularly felt the cold for he had not been issued an overcoat and his field jacket was not suited for arctic weather. He kept jumping from one foot to the other and swinging his arms. He looked longingly at the barracks where the cadre were waiting for the officer in charge to show up.

"Those morons in there don't care if we freeze and turn blue," he said to the man next to him.

"It's not them. It's the officers. They're late."

"They could still let us go inside."

"I suppose. They're stupid enough. Most of them can't even read I bet. Did you hear that southern guy give that lecture on ranks? Man, I bet he quit school in kindergarten."

"More southerners in this army than from anywhere else," another recruit put in. "That's because they're so dumb they can't do nothin' but enlist. Anybody that'd enlist's got rocks in his head." There was a lively show of agreement at this.

"I enlisted," said Ames.

"Sorry now, aren't you?" Ames shook his head. "Well, you will be. Look at you. Freezing. Ordered around by a bunch of dumb southerners who couldn't make a living in civilian life. Look what you're making now. Seventy-five measly bucks a month. Don't tell me that a man isn't a fool for joining the army when he doesn't have to."

Ames turned away in disgust, though he was not sure at what he was disgusted. He started to take a few steps to warm up when the cadre came out of the barracks and called them to attention. The officer came out then with a sergeant who had a sheaf of papers. They talked to each other aside and then the officer, a captain, addressed the men.

They would now receive their orders and the busses were waiting to take them to the depot. Being soldiers now they were to act like soldiers; to take pride in their appearance and their service. They were to remember that first impressions do a lot to help or hamper a man in his tour of service. When they get to their next station they were to act like soldiers and be a credit to their country.

Then the sergeant started calling off names and they loaded onto the busses. Each man with his pack took up a seat. Ames was jammed in back next to a cracked window which let in a thin draft of air that he could not seem to dodge. Finally, with his back to the window, he was warming up just as as they reached the depot. They dismounted from the busses and lined up before a large warehouse. Here they received an orientation on how they

would behave on the train.

They would behave like soldiers. They would shave and not leave a mess. They would be obliged to pull an hour of guard during the night. Above all, they would present a soldierly appearance.

Then they lined up to receive bag lunches. The lunches were late in coming from the consolidated mess so the recruits stood inside the warehouse. The vapor from their breath combined with the cigarette smoke to create a small fog. An officer stepped in to tell them that they would field strip their cigarettes, and left. Ames' fingers were so cold that he could not hold on to his cigarette, so he threw it on the ground and put his hands inside his pants.

He sat down on his bag and said to the man next to him, "Where're you stationed?"

The man, a short nordic looking fellow replied, "Fort Jackson."

"I guess all of us in this group are going there. It'll be great to get away from this weather. Mighty nice of the government to be so obliging as to send us south for the winter."

"More camps in the south is the reason. I'd rather be stationed near New York, so I could get home once in a while."

"You live in New York? . . . I wish they would get us going."

The conversation languished. Ames buried his face in his collar and tried to picture what it would be like in South Carolina, but that did not help. First he would put his hands over his ears till his hands were cold and then he would put them in his pockets till his ears were cold.

When the lunches came, they lined up again. They received the lunches as they filed on the train. It was a Pullman and Ames was assigned to a lower berth. He quickly stowed his bag and sat down. He stretched his legs out luxuriously on the seat opposite and looked out at the bleak landscape of the Fort Devens depot. The soot had toned down the snow to a dull grey and the forest at the edge of the yard stretched off black and desolate. Ames felt singularly comfortable, sitting there in the warmth of the Pullman, looking out at the cold landscape.

Inside the car, everyone was busy relaxing. What with the bag lunches and the general mood of adventure, the car took on a sort of festive air. Everyone seemed friendly because of their mutual experience of standing in the cold. Almost immediately a poker game started. Three Negro soldiers started to harmonize in one end of the car and they soon had a small audience.

To Ames, relaxing in his seat and basking in the warmth, it seemed wonderful. He had nothing to worry about, a warm place to sleep, security and a bunch of good guys to live with. Just then a corporal came in and assigned them the hours that they would stand guard. He was to be in charge of their car. As soon as he sat down, Ames noticed, several of the recruits started asking him questions. Ames was offended to note that they were flattering the corporal and that the corporal seemed pleased. By the time the train started, the festive air had been dissipated; the singers had stopped, the poker game was being played in tense earnestness and the others were sleeping in their seats. Ames, looking out the window at the passing scenery, noticed sleepily that the country was familiar but while he was trying to recall when he had passed there before, he too fell asleep.

* * *

When he awoke, it was late afternoon. The sun was shining through the dirty windows and was caught in the haze of dust motes and cigarette smoke. The floor of the car was now littered with cigarette butts, paper bags and garbage. The group of soldiers, with their shirt-sleeves rolled up and their ties loosened now, were still playing poker. The rest of the recruits were idly sprawled on the seats, asleep or looking out the window.

Ames pulled himself up to a sitting position.

He felt as if he had been drugged. Everything seemed unreal, as if it were all a dream. The dry warmth of the car was very oppressive and although he was not tired, he had no energy. It seemed as if the atmosphere was as dense as water.

The train was passing slowly through a town and as Ames looked out the window the realization came to him slowly that it was North Adams. He could not understand why he had not realized it before; this train was the Boston and Albany, the one he always took to Williamstown. Soon they would pass through the college town that he had left just a week ago to enlist. He could not believe that it was just a week. He felt as if he were an old man returning to a spot of his childhood, recalling old faces and events.

The familiarity of the country added to the dreamlike quality of the afternoon. As they crossed over the main street of the town, Ames could see the restaurants he had been to so often, the bar that served him when he was under age. Already, from where the train was, he could see Pine Cobble, the mountain that marked the end of the Williamstown valley. Now the train was passing by the woolen mills that he had so often passed without a second glance, and he was annoyed to find a lump forming in his throat.

When they had passed the mills, the beauty of the valley lay spread out before him like a picture. He could see the chapel thrusting its spire through the leafless trees and the bricks of the theatre, in the last light of the setting sun, shone red against the blackness of the elms. Beyond the chapel he could see his dormitory and even the window of his room. He could picture his roommates listening to his record collection or reading in the old, broken down arm chair. Then he got a brief view of Spring Street and he could see students walking up and down the street, dressed in bright winter costumes. Beyond Spring Street lay the golf course, covered with snow. The slalom track was crowded with people but he could not distinguish anyone he knew.

Then his view was cut off as the train pulled around the village. Just as it reached the station, it stopped on a spur. From where he sat he could see the faculty homes near the Williams Inn. He followed the road with his eyes to where it disappeared over the hill. How many times had he walked it! He could visualize every bit, the dean's house, the alumni house, the theatre, the fraternities. A flood of memories engulfed him and he choked.

Suddenly a train rushed through the station, awakening him from his revery with a start. He looked up the aisle of the train. Nobody else seemed to know what he was going through. Out there was his life, his friends, his future . . . unless . . .

He struggled to throw off the lethargy that held him and he stood up. He walked to the end of the car. Just then the train started to move again.

"Where're you going?" said the corporal.

Ames stood there a minute, then shook his head as if he had just waked up. He turned and went back to his seat. The train was now picking up speed. The lights from the field house cast a glow over the snow of the deserted practice field. Lights were on in the dormitories and in the village; warm, friendly lights. With his face against the window the last thing he could see as the train circled Pine Cobble was the chapel, white in the growing darkness. Suddenly he felt colder than he had felt all day.

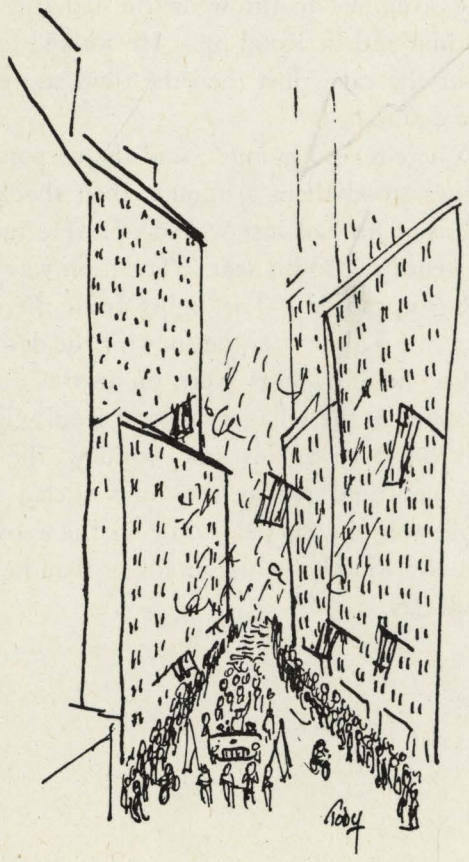
Some Poems

BUT YESTERDAY—

The sweaty crowd heaved to and fro—
Hoarse voices filled the sky,
'Mid garlands strewn like fallen snow,
Their Hero triumph'd by.

But Glory's petals plucked soon crumble
The fickle mob new loves acclaim—
Once haughty Caesars reel and stumble
Apollo's steeds gone lame.

—Robert Gillooly, '54



ODE

What vain anxious grasp! fruitless grasp!
For that lovely illusive dream,
Those lovely elusive grapes
Which Tantalus from the green stream

May ever seek though never reach.
What sky-cleaving cries! cries that grate
The manic dreamer's throat; that screech
Stridently, as long nails on slate;

That tear his flesh and shred his brain,
Because he closed his hand on air,
Because, as Tantalus, he sought in vain,
Because a dream is the seed of despair.

—Louis Berrone

GETTYSBURG MONUMENT

(167th Artillery Battalion, Penna. Volunteers)

Gunner! still guard your piece! though no more
grey-clad waves
Charge Seminary Ridge, to fill unknown graves.
(And make a wound, unhealed as yet by time
or man)—
Still stand alert, with ramrod in your granite
hand,
And point the green-bronzed muzzle through
the morning mist
That shrouds the valley where the phantom
bullets hissed
Among departed ghosts you now defend in
stone
So well.—But phantoms may have sons, and
sons their own;
Strong-sinewed men, who yet may need your
hand and aid.
Not for the grey repulse or fall—that game is
played.
But other causes come, and tyrants show, and
man may need
Some figure from the distant past to take the
lead.

—Jack Boyer

THE PROFESSOR

Then,
From his morocco-bound
Volume of Swift
Came, swiftly, jealously,
Jealously guarding the guardian thoughts,
Thinking that freedom
Could freely sing
A forgotten
Song.

—Herbert W. Park

POLONIUS

Peace to your bones, old man.
Beloved father, respected statesman,
Too often your fond folly
Is deprecated . . ." 'Tis only Polonius,
The old man, in his senility."
And what wisdom you had attained
Through accumulation of years
Is accredited to your creator.
'Tis pity, 'tis true.

—Herbert W. Park

The Review Awards

Madrigal

by John Sinclair Brims, '56

Tell them: shed your maggot-rid flesh and let
down your hair.
Pluck some midnight madrigals from the tense
winter air.
Join your hollow, marrowless brothers. Who's
got a care?
Sing a song of skeletons, shaking off mildewed
wear.

Time was when you rotted here, moldy, grave
with despair,
Envious of blooded folk parties: mad, merry
fairs.
Silent, brooding, madding, god-damned, your
bones going bare,
You, the stealthy night watch, lay stark in
muck-mocked repair.

Run and mix anatomies, crick and crack, dance
and dare.
Now you're thankful where you are. Life's
no good anywhere.

The Chalkmarks on the Blackboard

by Thomas Tucker, '54

"Nil nimium studeo, Caesar, tibi velle placere
Nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo."*

—Catullus

AT the sound of the buzzer the Air Force ROTC class stands up at attention. Captain S—, their uniformed instructor, stretches out his chin to relieve his neck from the tight military collar: "Let's go, back there," he says. "All the way up." After he gives the signal for the class to sit down again, a cheerful voice from the back of the room explains, "I was stuck in my chair, sir." The Captain, realizing that books and extra chairs may have hemmed-in the owner of the cheerful voice, quickly apologizes, "I don't mind, you understand. It's simply a question of respect and, well, we're teaching you fellas to be future officers, or trying to (here the Captain enjoys a laugh), and courtesy is a part of it."

Meanwhile, a hand has been raised in the last row of chairs. "Yes, Mr. Pentland." Mr. Pentland pushes aside books and wriggles out of his chair to his feet. "Sir," his voice mocks pride, "I found a picture of that Spirit Duplicator we discussed in class yesterday." He displays a torn-out magazine page on which is pictured a new machine surrounded by the happy faces of a secretary, her boss, and an office boy. Their hands are raised in delight. When Captain S— sees the machine, which only the day before he had unsuccessfully tried to draw on the blackboard, he displays a happy smile in similar delight. Captain S— holds up the picture for all to see, and he is so obviously pleased that each member of the class is forced to share his good humor. "This is wonderful," beams Captain S—, who, it must be admitted, has long suffered misgivings about the amount of interest taken in his class. That someone now has brought—as completely unbidden as any goat who comes to be milked in the pages of Horace or Vergil—a beautiful picture of the Spirit Duplicator is fortifying to the Captain's morale. Mr. Pentland well perceives the hungry pleasure on Captain S—'s face, and when the Captain makes his next remark, Mr. Pentland begins to write hastily in his seldom-opened notebook. Captain S—'s next remark is to this effect: "Any time you fellas can find something like this picture to make the class more interesting, and, of course, to help you learn Air Force Supply, I would appreciate it if you brought it up. And thank you, Mr. Pentland," he concludes, holding the precious picture toward Mr. Pentland, who glances up from his note-taking and cheerfully recaptures the Spirit Duplicator.

Next day—you understand Air Science classes meet four days straight—the buzzer sounds and everyone comes to attention. Mr. Pentland rises with surprising snap. As the class

* "I am not at all eager, Caesar, to try to please you,
Nor to know whether you may be a white man or a black."

sits down, they are warmed by the countenance of Captain S—: "That's very good. You men are acting like members of the Air Force now. It only takes a little interest, that's all. Yes, Mr. Pentland, you have a question?" Mr. Pentland again stands up, more slowly this time, looking about at several of his friends. The friends motion and nod as if to say, "Go ahead, we're behind you." Mr. Pentland faces Captain S— and begins: "Sir, yesterday you told us to tell you if we had anything to help us learn Air Force Supply."

"Yes," says Captain S— doubtfully.

"Sir, several of us have got together and thought up some ideas. With the Captain's permission I'd like to explain them to him."

Captain S— had prepared a lecture which was to include Squadron Memorandum Receipt Account, Property Records, Processing of Organizational Clothing for Cleaning and Return, Flyaway Kits, and Coding of Requisitions. He had given the lecture to the first hour class, and it had gone over well. Through the entire period only one question had been brought up; obviously, the questioner hadn't read his text. Therefore, Captain S— is reluctant to let Mr. Pentland take up time. However, he is a curious man, and he did tell them to bring their ideas. "Very well," says Captain S—, "if it won't take too long."

And so Mr. Pentland, now with firm control of the situation, continues: "First of all, sir, we made up three games to help us learn supply. They could be called childish games, but if played for small amounts of cash, they become extremely interesting. Game number one, which was suggested by parcheesi, deals with the diagrams the Captain writes on the board. Suppose the Captain takes *Form 104C* for an example. There are five copies made of that form, and each of us bets on one copy. We shake dice then and high thrower gets to move his copy one step farther through channels. Whichever copy—that is, one, two, three, four, or five—is first to get from Squadron Level to the Specialized Depot and back wins. Oh yes, if anyone shakes snake-eyes or box-cars, he gets stuck in a voucher file for three turns. We figured this game would be good several weeks, since there's no limit of diagrams to learn.

"The second game, sir, is really my favorite. We call it 'I Doubt It' after an old card game. The gist of it is this, sir. The Captain must know the unusual number of abbreviations the Air Force uses for everything. Well, we sit around in a big circle and each in his turn recites an abbreviation, usually four or five letters. For example, if I said ROTC, the Captain would know it meant Reserve Officers' Training Corps. But if I said RNFP, someone might not know what that meant. If a player thought —and this is the beauty of the game, sir—if a player thought I was only making up an abbreviation, he'd yell from anywhere in the circle, 'I doubt it!' Now if there were no such abbreviation, I'd have to chug a beer; but if I could say, 'RNFP means Radar Not Functioning Properly,' then he would lose. Oh, it's a winner, sir, a great game.

"The third game, sir—and I hope the Captain isn't offended, because we're only trying to contribute to a better classroom and intend nothing personal—the third game is to stimulate listening to the Captain's fine lectures. Before coming into the classroom, four or five of us throw in a coin apiece and draw little slips of paper from a hat. On these little papers are short catch phrases which the Captain often uses in his excellent lectures. Without giving too many away, I'll name a few examples: in lieu of, by and large, it behooves you, and so on. Now then; during the course of the lecture, and we all agree the Captain's are some of the best, we keep score of which phrase is used most often. We do this by means of a soft chalk mark on the board so as not to disturb the Captain. At the end of the period the man whose phrase has chalked the most marks wins the pot. That's all, sir; they're quite simple and, we think, very interesting."

During this rather extraordinary speech Captain S— several times attempts to put in a word.

But Mr. Pentland with all the assurance of a man who knows he is contributing to a worthy cause keeps on talking. When Mr. Pentland finishes and sits down, the whole room awaits Captain S—'s next move. Captain S— looks at Mr. Pentland and then looks around the room; somewhere he hopes to find an incriminating smile. He looks at his watch and again around the room; no incriminating smile. The Captain, therefore, concludes that the suggestion was serious. He briefly offers, "Thank you, Mr. Pentland." The class bursts into laughter.

Captain S— is somewhat abashed by the outburst, but he sees help in the form of a waving hand. "Yes, Mr. Gans. Let's have it quiet, please." Mr. Gans is an habitual non-talker, and his classmates, surprised, cut short their individual conversations to listen. "Sir, day before yesterday you explained the 'Purchase Request and Commitment Form.' You explained to us that one form was prepared to make copies on the Spirit Duplicator, and in answer to someone's question you said that once the copies were hectographed the master form was discarded. Well, sir, I wrote a jingle to help remember the process. If you like the idea, sir, maybe all of us could take five or ten forms apiece and write jingles about them. You might call them mnemonic devices. At any rate, mine is titled, 'Elegy in Air Science.' It goes,

Oh! master form, hectographical queen,
WD AGO Form One-five, One-fourteen,
You were used to make copies and then cast aside;
Your function completed, you crumpled and died.
Your copies dispersed to aid those who aid flyers,
Not knowing the violence of Air Force Suppliers;
How noble your death, little carbon-backed paper!
Far nobler than toilet, or notebook, or craper."

Mr. Gans's initial effort to join the classroom festivities is successful, judging by the cheers of his fellows, led by the literary-minded Mr. Pentland.

Captain S—'s voice sounds above the applause: "At ease!" Everyone suddenly becomes silent. The Captain appears to be a trifle embarrassed by the loudness of his voice. "Well, I'm sorry I had to yell at you. I don't know whether to thank you two gentlemen or not. I only hope your suggestions were sincere, because if there's any funny stuff—." Captain S—, unable to complete his thought, just glares for a second. "Anyhow," he resumes, picking up his notes and a good-natured tone at the same time, "The Squadron Memorandum Receipt Account is made out in lieu of DD Form 450 dash 5 when . . ."

Captain S— hurries to deliver his lecture before the buzzer sounds. He is so concerned with teaching Air Force Supply that he doesn't hear the soft striking of chalk on the blackboard each time he disperses a phrase such as, "In lieu of, it behooves you, *et cetera, et cetera.*"

FUNERAL

She
Was there
Clothed in scarlet
But not in black
As tradition
Dictates

—Thomas P. Wright

The Return

by Michael Webber, '56

IT was Amy's habit to go up on the roof to the porch there each morning as soon as she finished breakfast. Most of the houses in this whaling town had been built with such widow's walks, but none were used more regularly than Amy's. For hours she would just sit here looking out over the harbor, watching the large whaling ships and trying to make out her husband's ship among them. It had been over two years now since Nathaniel Hawkins had set out in his ship, "The Sea Gull," for the North Atlantic. Tthe length of a trip of course depended entirely on luck in sighting whales, but the ships were usually out for no more than two years.

Climbing the steep, dusty stairs today, Amy recalled the last time Nathaniel had been home. They had spent his final few days on shore talking about setting out again. Nathaniel had just passed his sixty-third birthday, and Amy felt it was time for him to leave the sea and settle down "normally" in town. Those thirty-seven years of married life had been hard on Amy for she had never been able to accustom herself to a marriage with a husband who was home less than a month every two years. Nathaniel too, realizes this and, although he still felt young and there remained a great demand for whale oil, he promised that this would be his last voyage.

As she reached the small door opening onto the porch, Amy stopped for a moment to catch her breath and to murmur a prayer for her husband's quick and safe return. She pushed open the door, walked out on the porch and was immediately blinded by the brilliant sunlight which shone down upon her. It was a beautiful June day and the entire panorama below her was at the peak of its springtime glory. Even on the dreariest of days, though, this view never failed to cause Amy to catch her breath.

Through the years this porch had come to be a place of great affection for Amy. Being above the town like this and watching the minute ships drifting over the vast expanse of harbor and ocean made Amy feel like a great omniscient ruler, yet as she thought of her own personal life she felt also her own helplessness and inability.

There was an unusually large number of ships in the harbor and at the docks this morning. Amy had watched them all come and go long enough so that, except for several foreign ones, she was able to identify most of them quite easily. Immediately she was able to tell that the "Sea Gull" was not in the harbor. Several sets of masts could be seen nearly two miles out just entering the straits. Amy knew from the rigging that none of these were the "Sea Gull" either. These few would be the last to enter the habor until evening when the tide turned again.

With an air of accustomed disappointment Amy turned away and, settling herself in the old, weathered, straight back chair, once again turned her attention to the town. The bustling activities of the antlike figures held a continued fascination for her. Directly below her she could see old Mrs. Moffat hanging out her washing. Amy knew that she too was awaiting news of her husband. Captain Moffat had left nearly six months before Nathaniel, yet Mrs. Moffat's attitude was always one of complacency. More than once Amy had wondered over this apparent disconcern which Mrs. Moffat showed for her husband. Despite her husband's absence she always continued her energetic work about the house and in various community groups. Practically all these things had been sacrificed by Amy for her faithfully kept vigil on the roof.

Further on down the street Army's attention was caught by a group of youngsters playing with an old hoop. As their happy, carefree laughing and shouting drifted up to her, her thoughts went back to her own two boys. Both were now grown up and married, and despite the fact that most of their boyhood friends had gone to sea, they now had "good" jobs in the city. Amy had never been able to take the place of their father properly and as a result the happiness she watched now had never been a real part of her own home. That deep affection which exists between most mothers and their children had also never been a real part of her home; perhaps because of her trying impossibly to be both a father and mother. The only success she had had in raising them was in keeping them from the sea.

This part of Amy's life could never be changed, but she prayed the return of Nathaniel would put her own life on a normal basis and make up for all her past loneliness.

Now, winding up the streets from the docks, Amy noticed a small wagon being driven by a man in a captain's uniform. From this distance his face could not be recognized, but Amy knew from the way he was waving at people and stopping here and there to chat, that he must be a townsman on his way home. Amy's heart missed a beat; could she have missed seeing Nathaniel's ship? Nathaniel couldn't have entered the harbor without her seeing his ship, yet hoping as she was, this man did look like her husband.

Breathless, she craned over the balustrade in hopeful anticipation. The wagon was almost directly beneath her. Noticing Amy, the man looked up and waved. It was Captain Moffat.

Too disappointed even to reply, Amy sunk back in her chair. "Why must it have been Captain Moffat," she wondered. Could Mrs. Moffat ever have worried and prayed as she had? Could Mrs. Moffat ever have awakened each day to the loneliness she had known? Amy hated Captain Moffat for his deception. Still more she hated Mrs. Moffat for her undeserved good fortune.

Amy sat quietly now letting a hopeless despair stream down her face in tears. Suddenly the beautiful spring day seemed obscured by a disappointment which seemed like a personal insult. How long was she to wait? Never had she felt such complete loneliness and grief.

Just then Amy's revery was broken by someone calling her name. At first she tried to ignore this interruption, but when it persisted Amy slowly rowsed herself and walked across the porch in the direction of the calling. There below her stood Captain and Mrs. Moffat arm in arm. Joyful happiness reflected itself on their faces and seemed to resuscitate the day's brightness and warmth. Shame for her thoughts welled up in Amy.

She waved down to them as they motioned to her, inviting her to come down and join them. Delighted at being thought of, Amy waved back her acceptance to the Moffats and turned to go in.

A last glance at the harbor, however, reminded Amy of her own disappointment and she wondered if it was right for her to join in the happiness of others. Certainly she could

only dampen the Moffat's celebration. The fresh imprint of those joyful faces in her mind, though, and her already given acceptance persuaded her to go down. She could still come back before the evening tide came in.

As she reached the first floor and came into the kitchen, Amy remembered she had not yet had any lunch. She decided to stop for a minute before going on to the Moffats and find something to eat.

She wiped off a plate and some silver and, as she did so, subconsciously reminded herself that she ought to clear the house one day soon. She knew how Nathaniel hated untidiness but when he was gone everything seemed to lose all importance. She remembered also that she would have to dress up herself before going out. In the last two years everything had become subordinated to her vigil on the roof, which she kept faithfully.

With her lunch over and a clean dress on, Amy pushed open the back door, which she noticed also needed repairing, and walked across the lawn to the Moffats. Both Captain and Mrs. Moffat were still standing outside where they had been looking at some new flowers in their garden. They welcomed Amy almost as one of their own family. Amy could not help but wonder if she would have invited Mrs. Moffat in the same way had Nathaniel returned today instead of Captain Moffat.

They were all soon talking together about Captain Moffat's voyage and later went in the house for tea. Going in, Amy felt the contrast of her house with the spotlessness of this one. It was not that superficial neatness, either, which is so often done in the event of unexpected company. Amy recognized this and it began to make her feel ashamed of the way she had kept house while Nathaniel was away.

Her observations were ended, though, with the renewal of conversation in the living room. The Moffats thoughtfully realized that Amy could not share completely in their happiness and so they avoided any talk of Captain Hawkins. Amy found, too, that rather than forgetting her husband she was gaining a completely new outlook on her own life and her life with Nathaniel.

Instead of simply listening to her husband relate the details of his voyage, Mrs. Moffat also talked of what she had done in the house and in town, while Captain Moffat listened interestedly. Their life together had not simply terminated while Captain Moffat had been away but had continued to be just as much a mutual affair as it had been. This too was a part of being connected to the sea which Amy had never learned.

Amy became so interested in the conversation that she failed to watch the time. When she finally noticed the growing darkness she remembered the evening tide and quickly excused herself to hurry home.

That evening, however, Amy did not go up to the roof. For the first time in two years the evening tide, bearing a single ship tonight, came in unwatched by Amy. The only sign of life in the Hawkins' house was a bright light shining through the kitchen windows.

IN REQUIEM

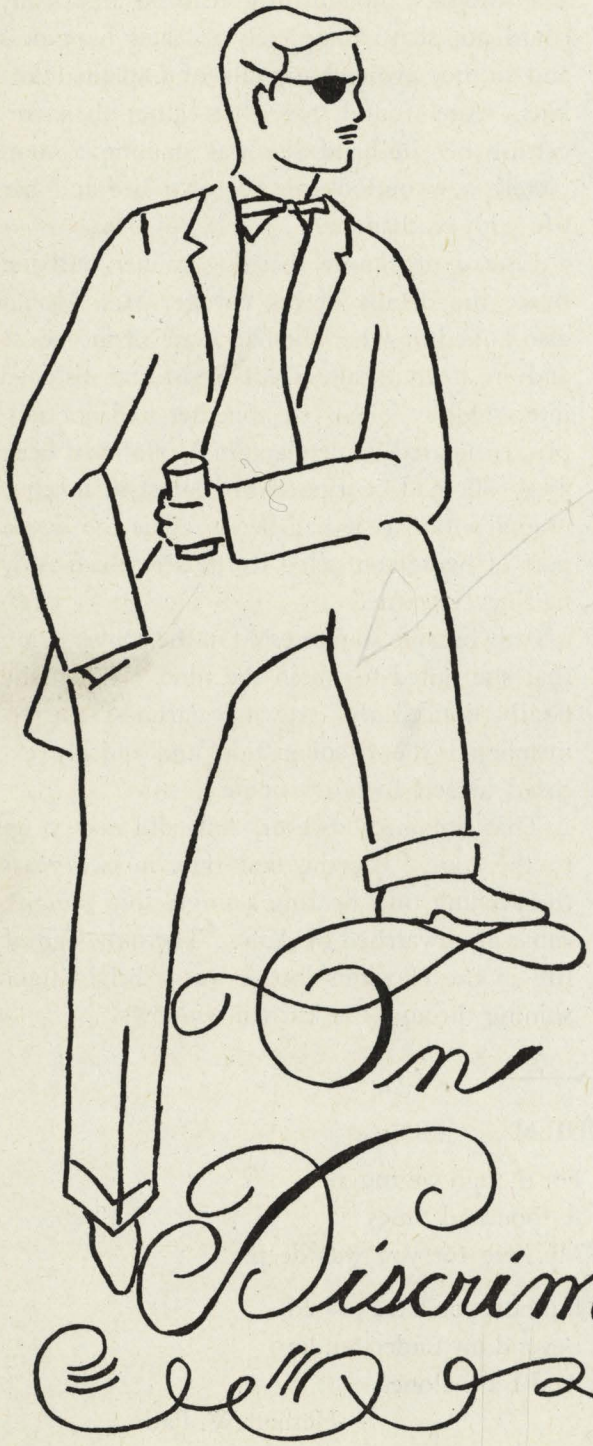
Down in the valley
The willows weep
And I with them.

Not as people
Mourn I
But as the trees.

For though we fought
A thousand times
My love for you was deep.

But now you have passed
Beyond my understanding
And I am alone.

—Herbert W. Park.



On Discriminating Taste

by Gerald E. Hatfield

IF you have been reading the "right" magazines you have no doubt been convinced by now that the most significant indication of a person's social caliber is his possession of discriminating taste. Take, for example, the advertisements published by the *New Yorker,* that absolute criterion of cosmopolitan living. Their liquor advertisements reveal the standards by which one can exercise discriminating taste.

"For over 150 years favored in the world's most gracious homes."

"People to the manner born deserve a cognac to the manor born."

"Preferred in select company for more than two centuries." There is even a wine which proudly claims its desirability as being a product "for those who care to pay more."

Such advertising has amazing effects, too. The other day we were looking over the selection of ties displayed by one of the "better" shops in town, when a middle-aged business man standing near us was approached by the clerk. The customer had a pleasant face that seemed to reflect the contentment of a happy family and comfortable position, but he was wearing the typically conservative blue serge and the inevitable hand painted tie revealing his unpretentious tastes. The clerk was apparently skeptical about such a prospect and seemed to breathe a sigh of relief when the blue serge man stated his intention to purchase just a pair of socks.

After that innocent statement, things seemed to follow with amazing rapidity. The salesman showed him the selection of hosiery. The blue serge man looked at the price and asked a

question. The clerk pointed at something and the customer blushed. He handed over a pair of socks to be wrapped and then, clutching his purchase nervously, hurried out of the store. We wandered over to the sock counter to see what had produced such a curious effect on the customer. The motto under the brand name read: "The *cognoscenti* need never question quality if the hose are by Perleon." The blue serge man had learned his first lesson in discriminating taste.

The advertiser is aware of the importance played by the dollar of the *cognoscenti* and he is only too willing to initiate anyone into this select classification. Perhaps you are already discriminative enough to have become a connoisseur of the quality merchandise of which he boasts. If so, your clothing is worn with the assurance that its selection involved no economy of good taste. Your home distinguishes itself by its discriminating furnishings. Your auto has been styled for those who are born to the pleasures of luxurious travel. Your gifts reveal to their favored recipients that you cared enough to give the very best. Even the alcoholic contents of the glass you are holding in your hand mark you as a man of distinction. In the language of the advertiser, you have discriminating taste.

During our most recent visit to New York we encountered an old friend of ours. We were sure that he had acquired discriminating taste because now he wore a black patch over his left eye. The collar of his Brooks Brothers Chesterfield was turned up to protect him from the icy blast that tore along the avenue, and we took advantage of the seasonal discomforture to invite him to have a drink with us. He led us down the street to a place with a name we immediately recalled from the *New Yorker's* list of "Goings on about town."

We entered quietly and handed our coats to the smiling attendant. Immediately the pleasant smile passed from his aristocratic features, leaving only a marble-cold expression that made me strangely uncomfortable. His eyes were fixed on the label in the lining of my coat: Block's—Indianapolis.

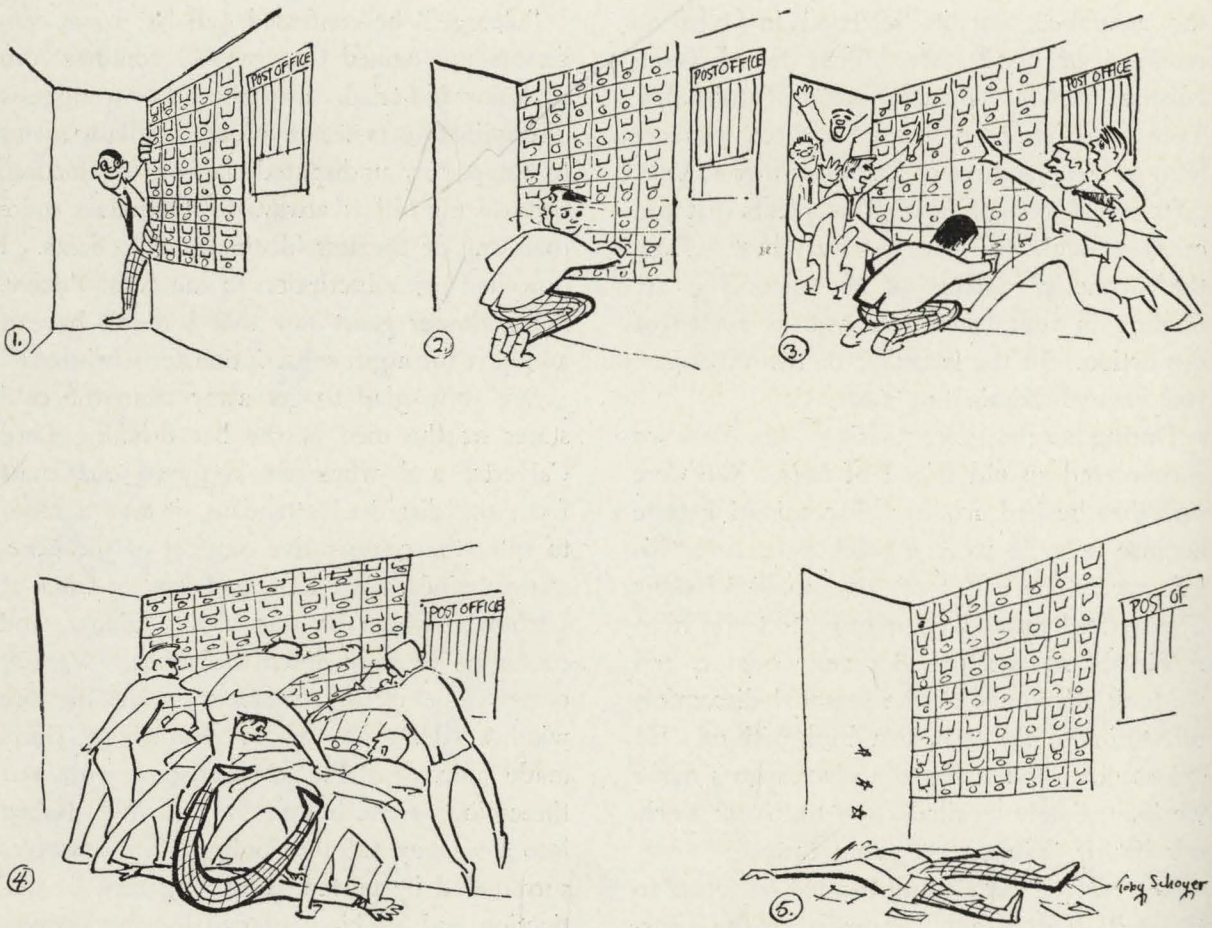
The headwaiter was quick to pick up his cue, and we were promptly ushered to the farthest table in the dimmest corner of the room. After a few drinks our companion was able to forget the icy stares that were being sent our way by the people clustered around the bar. He was talking freely now about his care-free youth in a quiet homespun community of suburban Cincinnati. It was the familiar story: small town boy makes good in big city. It was all different now, because he read the *New Yorker,* and one could not read the *New Yorker* without acquiring discriminating taste. It had started innocently enough by following up an ad on a Countess Mara tie, but soon it had grown to big things—Cadillacs and stuff.

"George," he confessed (all bar room confessors are named George), "I couldn't turn back now if I tried. Everything I own suggests discriminating taste. Even my landlady seems to respect my undisputed claim to distinction, because my bill is always thirty dollars more than any of the less 'distinguished' clients. I cancelled my subscription to the *New Yorker,* but a dinner guest saw that I didn't have it and gave me a gift subscription for Christmas."

We were glad to get away from the cold stares of the men at the bar drinking Lord Calverts, and when we retrieved our coats from the disgusted attendant, it was a relief to enter the comparative comfort of the penetrating winds. We left our friend in front of Luchow's, where he was having dinner, and continued to walk down the street. We felt ourselves being followed by the stares of store window dummies whose Hathaway shirts made uncomfortable comparisons with our three-ninety-eight button-downs. We dashed into a subway entrance only to find ourselves surrounded by posters displaying men of distinction and all kinds of evil looking *cognoscenti.* The entire remainder of our visit to New York was overshadowed by this monstrous conflict. It wasn't until we were on the

train leaving the city that we were able really to analyze the situation with any degree of objectivity.

You may wonder why we have gone to the trouble of relating all of this to you. To be perfectly honest, we believe that the man in the Hathaway shirt is a downright dangerous character. He is determined to exploit you in your exercise of taste, simply because he knows how gullible most of us are. When you stop to think about it, it does seem unimportant whether your label is advertised in the *New Yorker.* The only thing this kind of discriminating taste ever got anyone was the chance to pose for a Herbert Tareyton advertisement, and certainly that is a dubious distinction. Beware of the cult of those who "care to pay more." Your cognac may not be "to the manor born," but probably then, neither is your budget.



Two Poems
by Roger J. Harmon, '54

(When T. S. Eliot published his poem *The Wasteland,* a whole set of notes came with it; I hold I need not apologize, therefore, for including just a short preface to two of my own poems, except, perhaps, for pretentiousness.)

ONE of the most interesting of the modern poets I believe, is E. E. Cummings. Interesting, not especially for his typographical idiosyncrasies, nor for his unusually brittle-brilliant non-intellectual praise of an upsidedown world, but interesting for what he is attempting to accomplish through a new approach to the poetic idiom. His great achievement is the metaphor-poem; a poem which, through impressions of sound and form patterns, does not merely describe its subject but itself becomes its subject. Shape, feel, sound are all parts of the metaphor. By placing himself in this one-to-one relation with his material, the poet attempts to achieve a degree of emotional transference which would otherwise be impossible; a form of "poetic decalcomania" as critic Lloyd Frankenberg remarked in *Pleasure Dome.* To put it another way, the poet attempts to transmit the subject's action or/and emotion into the very structure of the poem, especially for lyrical and satirical effects. However, when the emphasis is laid wholly upon the structure-metaphor, as Cummings often does, the poem cannot be read aloud and thus the sound patterns are sacrificed. When the emphasis is laid upon the patterns of sound the poem becomes an "onomatometaphor," to use Mr. Frankenberg again. When a balance, a combined use of all the portals of metaphor is used, I believe Cummings is at his best. But this is not meant to be an assessment of Cummings; and thus ending my little preface, and with certainly no pretense of having achieved the skill and sensitivity of that poet, I include here two Poems!

venice pier

Oily faces in the hot and fetid air
breathing blended air of flippancy
and lust
(off the sea creeps a cool breeze
'Mid the tawdry raucous laughter
(across the rotting boards a cord
it coils about the neck and chokes
garish breech of properness
(the breath with fear
Colossus crudely lifts its rigid arms
stiff as one long dead come 'live again
(downunder blue whirls and black
Winking eye that reveals no sound
(reflecting age . . . nothing else save
leaves in autum and death and cares
eye that tells where thrills are found
(people hoped to drown there
One mass the swirling lights and color
greysteel tentacles upturn and down
a monster roar
(expunging light these shaded depths
Voices booming snarls that tease
(breathe silence on the pier respiration
of an aged year telling tales
fuse in one inglorious potpourri
(no one hears

his ways are unscrugible

'bout 1 a. m in aftermorning
wal(kin(g
'mid my neuronic cosmoverse
greatvast whole o'ersaw i
reflescent
stars atwrilling out ineither
dallowmoon blackome hammocked
i theor(i)zed
on final cosmosis and
th(o)ught god ingenious for
(this !genosis

The Fourth Estate

by Richard L. Hirsch, '54

SOMEWHERE between the time that Mergenthaler invented the linotype machine, and the *Daily News* recorded George Jorgenson's radical change, a critic dubbed newspapermen as "members of a fourth estate." And indeed it is rather fitting that journalists be separated from the remainder of the populace, for none of them are completely normal. And yet, there is no typical newspaperman, since they are all blessed with their own wonderful idiosyncracies.

This is a portrait of a member of the fourth estate. In many ways he is typical, and in other ways he is atypical of his cohorts, but in any event, he reflects the wonderful spirit of the modern American news-hound.

* * *

Perhaps the most normal thing about Ignatius Russell Rocco is the name which his mother bestowed upon him approximately 44 years ago.

The son of an Italian immigrant shoemaker, Mr. Rocco is now, and has been for the past three years, the Chief Photographer for the Buffalo *Star-Enquirer.* Even though he holds such an imposing position, it is interesting to note that he never owned any type of camera until he was 19 years old; and his first was a 98 cent Brownie. It is also worthy to note that he did have a rather good educational background for his job, even though he never finished high school. He did spend three and a half years at Buffalo's Emerson Vocational High School, taking up the admirable trade of the baker.

With all his background in baking, Ignatius Russell Rocco still managed to accomplish a feat which many bakers have never even dreamed of. For, in 1944, Mr. Rocco was awarded a Pulitzer prize of $500.00, not for a loaf of bread, but for a photo which found its way to the pages of most of the newspapers of the world, and was also chosen as the "Picture of the Week" by Life magazine. He describes this accomplishment with glee. "I was driving down Genessee Street, and as usual, I wasn't keeping my eyes on the road. All of a a sudden I look up, and there, on the 14th floor of the Genessee Hotel, out on the ledge, is this here woman. I figured she was gonna jump, so I pulled the car over to the curb, and got out my camera. When she jumped, about five minutes later, I caught her in mid-air. Helluva good shot. Here's a copy of it—made every paper in the country."

Mr. Rocco is a slight man, with jet-black hair, a raucous laugh, and a pair of glasses which greatly resemble the bottoms of milk bottles. The glasses, his small stature, plus his inimitable name, led him to some difficulty in his younger days. After a great deal of ridicule from his fellows, he did the only thing he could to aid the situation. He changed his name, since it was the only one of the three which lent itself to alteration. From his sixteenth birthday on, he was officially known as I. Russell Rocco. But, since memories linger on, he is still affectionately known to all as Iggie.

From the beginning, Iggie was never overly

enamoured of school. He plodded blindly over the road of learning, through elementary school, until he finally graduated. From there he proceeded to the hallowed halls and ivy towers of Emerson Vocational High School, to learn to be a baker. Here too, he did not enjoy the learning process; he burned many cakes, and scorched many loaves, until, in his final year, after a hasty conference with his mother and the principal, he left school to seek his fortune elsewhere.

About two weeks after his departure, he found a position which was to have a profound influence on his life. His first (and last) full time employment was with the Buffalo *Star-Enquirer.* He started his journalistic career at the alarming salary of $17.50 per week, and in the alarming position of copy-boy. Since then, 26 years ago, he has never left the *Enquirer* Family, nor has he desired to do so.

At the outset, Iggie was fascinated by the innards of a large newspaper. He loved to hear the rattle of the news wires, the hub-bub of the composing room, the shrill cries of the reporters as they shouted "Boy!" across the City Room. But more than any of these, he enjoyed lingering in the Photographers' Room. In his off duty hours he would hasten to the darkroom to see them develop their news pictures, and in the process he became quite proficient at the technique. In a short time, the photographers, all of whom seem to be innately lazy, were allowing Iggie to do their developing work for them. This kept up for several months, until suddenly the Managing Editor heard of the situation. He promptly issued an edict proclaiming that "All photographers will develop, print, and perform other technical work on their own photos." He called Iggie into his office, gave him a hasty dressing down, and told him to keep busy running copy, and to let the photographers run their own business.

However, even though he was gruff in his chastisement, the editor remembered the instance, and three years later he appointed Rocco to the position of staff photographer. During the interim Iggie had learned a great deal more about press work. He learned how to handle his subjects, how to get good action shots, and how to drive through the streets of Buffalo at a death defying pace to get his plates back to the office in time to make the last edition. Despite this, he committed a master *faux pas* on his first full-fledged assignment. It was a routine wedding picture, and Iggie took the picture of the couple as they left the church. However, in composing the cutline for the picture, he mixed the names of the pair, and the finished product which was read by more than 200,000 people the next day, found the couple bearing the bride's maiden name.

But this was by no means the most famous bridal photo which the maestro had ever taken. After two years in his capacity as a press photographer, Iggie found the woman of his dreams, and was married to Maria Carmella Russino. Naturally the paper wished to cover the marriage of one of their employees, but Iggie refused to have any of his fellow lensmen take a wedding picture for the paper, explaining laughingly that they simply weren't good enough cameramen. So, when the great day arrived, Iggie arrived at the church in rented full dress suit, with his camera slung over his shoulder. After the ceremony, as the couple left the church, Iggie stopped, set up his tripod, checked the lighting, set his Speed Graphic for five seconds, hopped back next to his bride, and was looking very prim when the shutter snapped a few seconds later. The next day, many readers of the Society page were puzzled by the picture of Mr. and Mrs. I. Russell Roc-

co, leaving the church, since the photo bore the familiar credit, *Photo by Rocco.*

Not all photos used by the paper, and taken by staff members, bore such a by-line, and this led Iggie to the establishment of an organization, the mention of which still brings loud guffaws from Buffalo newsmen. At his suggestion, the staff photographers for the *Enquirer* formed what they called the By-Line Club. The rules of the group were simple. Each time a member received a by-line on one of his photos, he paid a certain amount of money into the club's treasury. At the end of the year the sum was turned over to the paper's Crippled Children's Fund. Each by-line cost the owner 10 cents, a front page by-line incurred a 50 cent fine, and if a member dared to take a picture which was sent over the national news wires, he paid $2.00 into the kitty. The organization enjoyed moderate prosperity until one of the members devised a plan which would net the treasury (and the Crippled Children's Fund) even more money. The plan was simple: to dupe Iggie. The villain talked to a friend in the Composing Room, who gladly made up a 6 point italic slug which read *"Photo by I. Russell Rocco."* From this point on, until the untimely demise of the club, each photo which Iggie took bore this inscription, and the treasury began bulging at the seams. Then one day, Iggie began wondering exactly why he always received a credit line, while the other cameramen received one only on occasion. He visited the composing room, and discovered the plot. The little man ranted and raved, and after a series of rather vigorous vocal battles, the club was dissolved.

Iggie is a man who loves his work, and he says the many little incidents similar to the By-Line Club fiasco only add to the fun. "This is the most fascinating racket in the world. When you're young, it's the excitement and fast pace that get you, but as you get older, this angle wears pretty thin. Then you realize that the most wonderful thing about it is the people you meet, and the little things that happen along the way." And Iggie has photographed all types of people, from eager and smiling politicians, to reluctant killers. When you walk down the streets of Buffalo with the little man, you are amazed at the types of people who greet him with the familiar "Hi, Iggie!" They range from men in homburgs smoking dollar cigars, to men in dishevelled clothing, looking anxiously for a smoldering cigarette butt. And Iggie greets them all.

Three years ago, after being with the paper for 23 years, he was named to the post of Chief Photographer. He still does more than his share of leg work, but he also works in close conjunction with the City Editor in making out photo assignments. He still works the same five-day week (Sundays and Mondays off), and loves to spend his leisure time puttering around the new home which he purchased last year.

His family has grown greatly since that day 20 years ago when he took his own wedding picture. He now has three sons, William, 17; Arthur, 13; and David, 9.

Even though he loves his work, he made no provision for a darkroom in the blueprints for his home, and he seldom takes his camera out of the trunk of his 1951 Plymouth during his off duty hours. "Hell," he says, "I never even take any pictures of the wife or kids. But then my father was a shoemaker, and I went barefoot until I was old enough to vote!"

A Poem

The dusky path that crawls through ancient ends
Whose width is lighted with the glow of hope
Escapes its endless way through baleful dens
And well protects yon hidden bestial scope.

'Tis folly to pursue and only find
That melancholy faithless Prince of old
Poor prey are we to one of such a mind
For present lands are not of better mold.

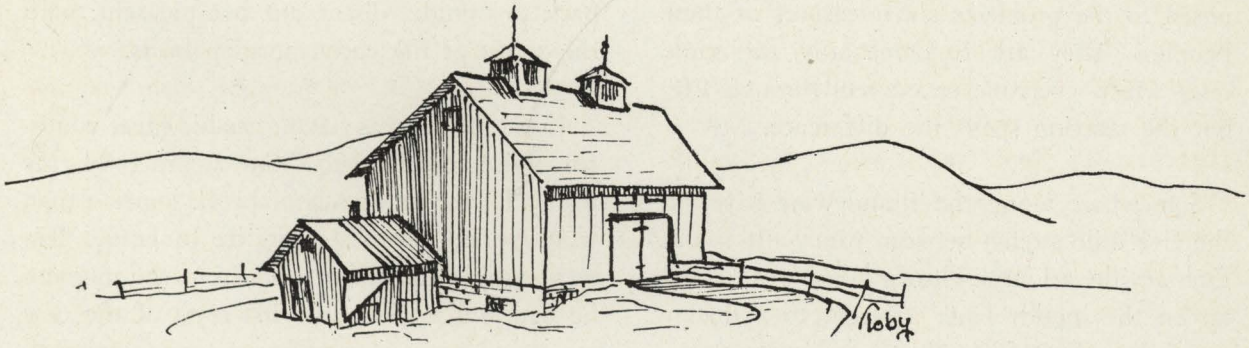
O wicked clouds and cousin shields of night
Wilt thou forever shade the ceaseless space
And join with foul thoughts the nurtured fright
In keeping noble reason out of place.

Maturity long fallen by the road
A vital target easily misled
A young one marches toward the black abode
Abandoned are the creaking gates of dread.

—Robert S. Feinberg.

Brandywine Country

by J. P. Foley, '55



THROUGH the heart of the Chester County farmland of Pennsylvania runs the diminutive Brandywine River. Since it is scarcely more than fifty feet wide at the broadest point there is a certain amount of presumptuousness in the title of river. For an outsider to make light of this fact, however, would bring instant and justifiable wrath from the inhabitants of the land, for the Brandywine is part of life to them along with the rolling hills of green crops, the roaming herds of Holsteins, and the neat white barns which dot the countryside. Generations ago when their forefathers had farmed this land the Brandywine had been there also. The barns which now housed the cows were the same ones of an hundred years ago. Today, although many years later, nothing had really changed. The same

families owned the same land and the fertile earth nurtured the same crops. The only real and tangible change had come with the advent of mechanized equipment and now where the harvest scene was once characterized by straining workhorses and sweating men with pitchforks, great grotesque hay-loaders and balers did the work.

Some might think that this life was one for a person with no ambition, this static and unchanging condition. They wondered how people could exist without the family movie excursion on Friday night, the backfence gossip and the Sunday cocktail parties. This complete absence of mechanical entertainment was the quality which made life in the Brandywine Valley so enjoyable. The people had an inherent love for a type of semi-solitude and peaceful living which permitted them, unsullied by modern amusements and advertising, to enjoy life in its simplest forms.

This atmosphere of calm living is very difficult to convey to those who are not used to it. For one really to understand these quiet and unobtrusive people he would have to spend some time in this beautiful valley, being exposed to the problems and pleasures of these people. They are fundamentally the same ones which everyone encounters through life, but the reaction spells the difference.

* * *

Somewhere along the Brandywine River in the five mile stretch between Marshallton and Embreeville, a long Oldtown canoe was hauled up on the muddy bank adjacent to a thickly wooded section of beech saplings and majestic old oaks. A few spruce, their stern height making up for their sparse number, stood on the sloping hillside. At the top of the hill ran a rusty, single track railroad, used to carry logs to the sawmill at old Caleb Fulton's place in Northville. On the other side of the river was a meadow filled with succulent, emerald-colored clover through which a large herd of Holsteins ambled slowly toward a white barn for their morning milking. Their impatient bellowing echoed hollowly around the countryside, drifting slowly up the slope to the grove. As the rising sun slanted its rays down over the treetops and penetrated into the forest, the sole witness of this familiar but still beautiful morning panorama finished rubbing the sleep from his eyes and neatly folded a khaki sleeping bag. Still groggy, he stumbled toward the nearest sapling and removed a large rucksack from the lowest bough. From this he took a can of beans and after several unsuccessful attempts to start a fire with the dew-soaked wood, knocked the top off with a hatchet and began to eat them cold. The pastoral stillness of the morning was disturbed but slightly by his muted swearing, and as the sun rose higher over the horizon his usual good spirits returned.

His breakfast finished, the lad gathered his equipment and walked down to the bank of the river where he stood contemplating the placidly flowing brown water. Turning to the canoe, he unfastened the paddle from the gunwales, eased the sleek boat into the water, and jumped in. As he disappeared around the first bend the strains of "Ol Man River" drifted back to mingle, discordant but pleasant, with the songs of the early morning birds.

* * *

Jamie Morris was having, as his eager youthful voice proclaimed, "the summer of my life!" That year at school he had met a man who opened new vistas of life to Jamie. He was a slight, quiet boy and from the moment he had walked into his first class of the new semester he was attracted to the tall, powerful, but mild Mark Wells who was his general science master. Although he wanted more than anything else in the world to be friendly with this man, Jamie was too shy and retiring to approach him. Then one day near the end of school, a very embarrassing incident took place. Jamie and another boy were sitting in the locker room after soccer practice, and the boy asked him if he wanted to see something really keen. The boy reached into his locker

and produced a calendar decorated with nude photographs. To a lad in the first rigors of puberty, looking at these pictures was enjoyable, but produced a guilty complex and at the sound of approaching footsteps the calendar was quickly returned to the locker. The boys turned around just as the large figure of Mr. Wells came around the corner. They had not been quick enough completely to hide the calendar, and the master soon found out the cause of their red faces. Instead of admonishing the boys he merely said that if they liked he would one day show them real art. Then, when the other boy had left, he asked Jamie if he would like to work on his farm in the Brandywine Valley that summer. The days till the end of school could not pass quickly enough for Jamie, and when he finally arrived at the farm and met Edith, Mark's wife, he knew that he had made the right choice for the summer. The first night there Mark had reminded him of the promise he made to show him real art, and Jamie spent an enraptured evening perusing illustrations of Rodin.

* * *

Now as he floated idly down the Brandywine, his long legs hanging over the sides of the canoe, Jamie turned these thoughts slowly over in his mind. He had matured tremendously over the summer, and he chuckled now as he wondered what his mother would say if she knew he had been out alone overnight on a canoe trip. He and Mark had finished bringing in the second cutting of alfalfa the day before and for a week's hard work he had been rewarded with this trip.

Awaking from his reverie as the canoe hit a faster current, he looked up and saw that he was almost at the landing place. He guided the canoe over to the bank and, grabbing an overhanging branch, brought it to a stop. After several minutes of hard pulling, he got the canoe on shore, loaded it on a caisson hidden in the bushes and started home. He was eager to get home now. The hot road was scorching his bare feet, and no wind stirred the rows of corn spread out over the countryside. After abut a mile, he turned into the lane and started the long trek up the hill to the farmhouse. Jamie thought that this section was the prettiest on the entire farm. On the left, nestled in a colony of spruce and white pine, was the old springhouse. It was not used now, but a thin trickle of cold water still ran through it and it was a perfect place for resting during the long hot dog days of midsummer. On the right of the lane was Edith's flower garden. Mark had put the beehives here, and the industrious creatures were now busily robbing the brilliant roses and peonies of their nectar.

As Jamie crossed the brow of the hill, a flock of Brown China geese burst from their hiding place in the tall grass, and waddled clumsily off, their long necks swinging viciously from side to side as they hunted for insects. Their loud squawking announced his presence home, and Edith walked out the kitchen door to meet him.

"Hi, Jamie. Did you have a good trip?"

"Yes, it was a lot of fun, but the only thing that I've had to eat all day has been a can of cold beans. Think you could rustle something up?"

"Dinner is going to be early tonight. I want you to hurry up and do the milking 'cause we have to get over to the Wells' and help with their hay. It's been drying all day, but it looks like rain tonight and we have to get it in. Mark's over there now—been helping to rake it all afternoon and stayed over for dinner."

Jamie continued on to the barn and unloaded the canoe. As he went out to drive the goats in, he thought fondly of Edith and her tomboy ways. She had graduated from Vassar College and now had a master's degree in Biology. She cared for everything on the farm with a loving and intelligent hand, and yet she would have been not out of place in a ballroom. He laughed as he remembered the episode of a few days ago. It had been raining, and he and Edith went out to buy some mushroom soil for the truck patch. She was done up in an

old Navy parka and blue jeans as was Jamie and from the back it was difficult to distinguish them. As they drove up the hill to the shack where the soil was, the man who was selling it to them filled the air with brash expletives pertaining to the weather. It was not until they were inside and Edith removed her hood that he saw she was a woman. His only comment had been, "Jesus Christ, I thought it was a man."

He was thankful when he got to the barnyard that the goats were there waiting and he quickly drove them inside. Learning to milk was an accomplishment Jamie was very proud of. The goats were his favorite creatures on the farm and he cared for them like a mother hen cares for her chicks. Now as he felt the firm teats against his strong, hard fingers, he had a feeling of fulfillment much the same as another boy would have on winning a varsity letter, or seeing a model airplane take its first flight. This particular doe was a beautiful one, in her first lactation, and Jamie had raised her with loving care. He glanced over at her kids, nestled in a box stall and remembered the mating he had seen take place the day before between Tom, the old Nubian buck and another doe. To his amazement, he had experienced no feeling of disgust at this animal intercourse. On the contrary, it had been a rather simply beautiful sight, one which made him feel ashamed of the thoughts he had harbored. Soon, the task of stripping the milk out required all his attention, and he redoubled his efforts in order to finish sooner.

* * *

In the kitchen of the old farmhouse, Edith sang lustily along with the operatic aria playing on the victrola as she readied Jamie's meal. She was an attractive woman in her late twenties and in her time had been the belle of the debutante circle. She had met Mark when she was at Vassar and he at Williams, and they were married a few days after graduation. During the war she had followed him from one naval base to another, rooming with wives of other officers until he was finally sent overseas. After the war they had both decided that they were tired of keeping up with the Smiths and decided to make a living on the old family farm. In about ten years they had succeeded in doubling the value of the land and raising two children with a third on the way. It was a wonderful life and Edith did not regret for a minute the callouses where rings had once been. As she stirred the soup, Jamie came to mind. From the minute she met him she knew that Mark had made a wise choice. It was not so much the fact that they needed help on the farm, but rather that they both liked young people that they had hired him. He was a good worker and underneath his shyness was a great store of intelligence. Evenings, after chores, he could not be budged from the sofa in the corner, stretched out listening to classical music, or reading one of the many books from Edith's library. It had been amazing to watch him mature over the few short weeks he had been there. Observing the animals had helped, of course, and the easy informality of country living had helped break his shyness. He was a handsome lad and would probably have no trouble snaring women when he grew older; she had certainly baked too many cakes for him that he didn't deserve.

She looked up as the door slammed shut and Jamie called loudly for his dinner.

"Jamie, you're getting all the bad habits of the menfolk. When are you going to learn to come in without waking the baby?"

"Sorry, Edith. I just feel awfully hungry."

"Well, there is your supper on the table. Hurry up and eat and I'll go down and get the jeep."

"Is there much hay to bring in?"

"Quite a bit. Things are pretty tough for Bill now that he's alone over there, and he needs all the help he can get."

Edith went out to get the Jeep, mentally kicking herself as she let the door slam. She thought wryly of poor Bill Wells as she started

the motor. He had been in the Navy as an enlisted man, met a girl in some port and married her. When he brought her home to the family farm which he operated with his mother, the old woman would not accept her and left home. Mary had tried for a long time to make a go of the farm, but in the end gave up and divorced Bill. Now he was left alone, just barely making a living from his small dairy herd and a part time job in a chicken hatchery. Through it all, however, he had kept an incorrigible good humour and was endeared to those who knew him. She and Mark helped as much as possible, letting his steers use their grass, but in the end he would probably have to give up the farm. She picked up Jamie at the beginning of the lane, and they started for the neighboring farm.

* * *

"Well, hi there. The pathfinder returns, uh?" Bill Wells looked up from greasing the wheels of his ancient Farmall tractor and greeted Jamie and Edith.

"Did yew heve a real dangerous trip down thet big ol' river?"

Jamie blushed furiously as Bill threw his head back with a loud guffaw. Mercifully, Mark said that they had better get started as thunderheads were building up, and it would probably rain before dark. Bill leaped up on the old tractor and backed it up to the farm-wagon. The tall hayloader was then hitched to the wagon, and the caravan started out to the fields. When they got to the first field Bill got off the tractor and he and Mark climbed on the wagon. With Jamie proudly driving the tractor they started off down the neatly raked swathes which looked like a loosely coiled snake. Looking back, he saw the great bunches of hay empty down from the top of the loader speared by Mark and Bill as they built the load. Around and around Jamie slowly piloted the tractor and the load grew so high that it was almost blotted out against the dusk and the thunderheads. Finally, the entire field was covered, and Jamie surrendered the tractor to Bill to drive it into the barn. They had just reached the barn when the first big drops began to come down. Edith brought a big pitcher of iced tea out from the kitchen, and they relaxed for a few minutes before starting the laborious job of moving the hay.

* * *

Edith, back in the kitchen, decided to scrub the floor for Bill. It was certainly a mess with dried patches of milk and other debris spread over it. She filled a pail full of water and soon was humming cheerfully as she worked. Suddenly, she felt drops of water fall on her back, followed by the sound of the kitchen door as it hit the wall. Cursing the wind, she turned around and began to rise, when she saw the dishelved, soaked figure standing in the doorway.

"You! What right have you to return to this house now, you damned little hussy? Does Bill know that you're here?"

"Please. Not now. Let me sit down—so tired."

It was then that Edith saw the bulge at the girl's middle that the soaked, thin coat accentuated. The first feeling of surprise and anger was replaced by one of pity, and Edith helped the girl over to a chair. Seeing that she could not talk coherently, she fixed her some coffee and waited patiently, praying that Bill would not come in for a while. Finally, after making no sense of anything the hysterical girl said, she helped her upstairs and put her to bed. After locking the bedroom door, she went outside, locked the doors to the house, and walked thoughtfully out to the barn.

"Bill."

"Why, good evening, Mrs. Wells. If it's work you're after, there's an extra hayfork in the corner."

"Bill, come down here a minute, I have to talk with you."

"You sound mighty serious. 'Scuse me a minute, Mark, whilst your pretty wife whispers sweet nothings to me."

"Bill," said Edith as they walked around the corner of the barn, "Mary's back."

"Edith, so help me God, if you're kidding me there's going to be hell to pay."

"She wants to stay."

Bill could see by the sincere light in Edith's eyes that what she said was true and hated himself for doubting it.

"Edith, it's downright blasphemy to stand here talking to a fine woman like you and think of letting that bitch live in my house."

"She's going to have a child, Bill."

"So now when she needs help she comes crying back to me—probably not even my kid. Where is she?"

"She's locked in the house and she's staying there till morning. Both of you can have time to think this over."

Edith turned on her heel and strode back to the barn. She called to Mark and Jamie and without explaining got them into the Jeep and started for home.

* * *

Mary tossed restlessly in the big double bed she and Bill had once shared. It was all a mistake, she thought. She should never have come back. How could she possibly make Bill understand her change of heart, her change of values—that she missed him and the farm and wanted to return? Prettiest girl in the class—most likely to marry a millionaire; she cried bitterly as she remembered these high school praises which now had the ring of epitaphs. She got out of bed and tried the door; locked. Going to the window, she looked out onto the roof of the woodshed. She opened the window and climbed out to the roof, then dropped the few feet to the ground.

Once on the ground she began to run, wildly and aimlessly, until she found herself on the banks of the Brandywine. She plunged, sobbing, to the ground and cried herself to sleep, her tears mingling with the dewy grass.

* * *

Even after the Wells' had left, Bill did not believe that Mary had really returned until he tried the door and found it locked. His first spontaneous anger had subsided and he began to walk, trying to be rational and to think the thing out. He had known when he married her that Mary was a gay girl who enjoyed going to parties and being popular, but he had thought that he could change this once they were settled on the farm. He thought that with a house and husband and promise of a family that she would quiet down, but he had been mistaken. Now, when she was with child and penniless she was back again, asking for mercy.

It was as he was walking along the banks of the river that he saw her. Her wet and grass-stained face was turned up and he saw the pert little nose that he used to playfully kiss. He walked toward her, compelled by curiosity more than anything else. As he stood over her, the details and whims of her personality came flooding back. The wet and torn nightgown revealed the still-girlish figure, marred only by the breathing, kicking bulge that belonged to him. He thought in a moment of panic that it might be injured and as he reached a tentative hand out, Mary stirred and opened her eyes.

"Bill! You came! I'm back Bill, can't you see? It's me, Mary."

Bill continued to gaze stolidly at her as she tried to get up. When she finally did so, she threw herself on him, sobbing.

"Bill, if you want to help me, I want to come back."

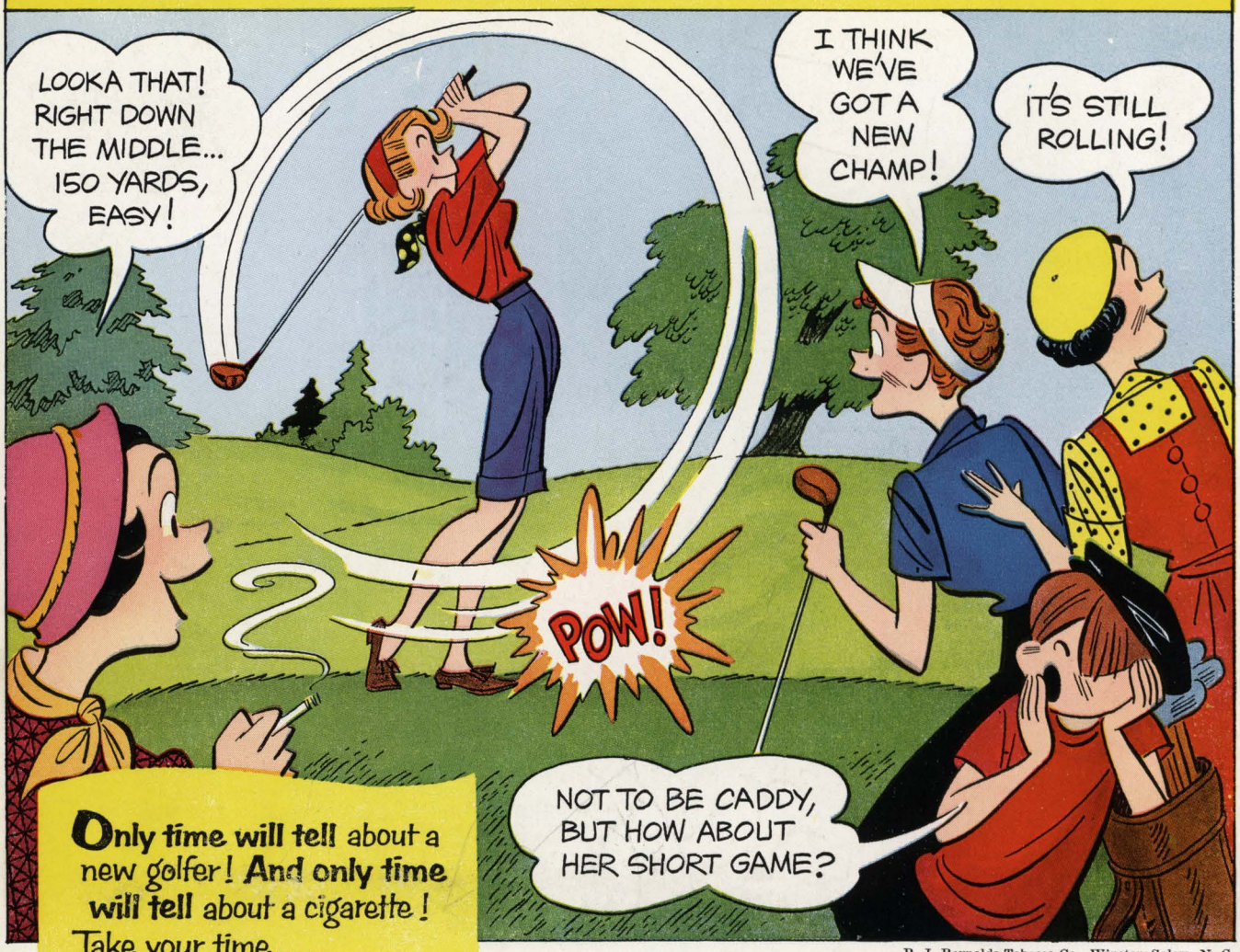
He felt his arms slowly begin to close around her and as he looked down at the quivering lips said: "Yes, Mary, you've come back."

* * *

Life rolled on for these gentle people of the Brandywine country, and time to them became as endless and unceasing as the river itself. It does not matter what became of Jamie, the Wells, or Mary and Bill. The lure is strong, and more will be attracted and held just as these were, for the Brandywine weaves a strange enchantment.


FINAL EXAM
I'M FREE!
Toby Schoyer

...But only Time will Tell.....



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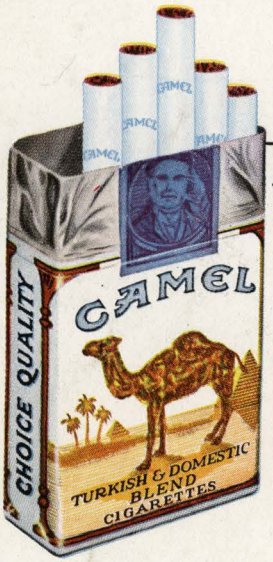

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